

AC: Remnant

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Summary: A friendship born from rivalry and betrayal, Weiss, former Templar and heir to Grand Master Schnee found solace in the friendship of her greatest enemy, Assassin Ruby Rose. May add more if this garners enough interest. Idea born from a Tumblr fan art. Rated T for now, but may increase if I write more. No pairings as of yet, I haven't fleshed out much more of a story than this.

## 1. Secret Meeting

**\*\*AN:** So this is a story born from a friend showing me a fanart on reddit and asking me to write it. I may add more if there's interest. Let me know if you want more.\*\*

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Weiss Schnee didn't disobey orders, it wasn't in her blood. As a Schnee, she has certain obligations and expectations that didn't afford her the chance at rebellion. Her father, the Grand Master, made sure of that, snuffing any hint of opposition swiftly and violently. Any who may have doubted his ruthlessness, need only look at the scar on his otherwise flawless daughter. The angry red and pink flesh over her eye served as both a warning and a reminder. The warning clear, you do not cross Grand Master Schnee, the reminder that he'd shown her mercy, choosing only to scar her face rather than end her life. In all outward appearances, Weiss was the perfect soldier and daughter, dutifully completing any mission he gave and ending the life to any who opposed her father. To those who were lesser informed, she was the picture of poise, class and elegance, carrying herself in a regal manner befitting a lady of her status. To those within their ranks and among their enemies, however, she was the perfect killing machine. Efficient, calculating and deadly, her enemies knew if they lived long enough to see past the blur of snow white hair and piercing blue eyes, it was only because she wanted them to see her, with the exception of one person.

Ruby Rose, for all who knew of her, was a simple soul. She lived her days working hard as a blacksmith aid to feed her family. Her father, after having gone through the pain of losing two wives, was no longer mentally able to work. She, like Weiss, held a different reputation among closer friends and frightened enemies. Silent, swift and inventive, The Rose knew no enemy who could escape or outwit her. In hushed whispers, the Templar soldiers often talked about how they would know their life was ending by the sound of her scythe cutting through the air, and their throats, followed by the sweet scent of roses, their final sight being her flowing red cloak. Some talked about encountering her, a blur of red and the feeling that they'd just barely escaped her murderous intent. She eliminated her targets unnoticed, other than the flapping of a familiar red cloak as she stole her way into the night, the cloak of an assassin. The vibrant red impossibly hid her in the shadows as her silver eyes traced her targets, but not from Weiss.

As Weiss listened attentively to one of her father's party guests, she also listened intently to the sound of measure breathing, stealing glances at the rooftop above the garden to find only small traces of the familiar red cloak and silver, predatory eyes peeking out from under a hood. To the untrained eye, the shadows could be played off as a trick of the light, or maybe an errant cloud, but to Weiss, it meant death and danger. From her perch above, Ruby admired the attentive Schnee, perfectly concealing the glances the white haired beauty shot her way from the other guests. Any time their eyes met, she felt a shiver as she remembered their prior interactions. No one outran the Rose, no one except for the Ice Queen, though her disappointment in her own failure was short-lived, as no one survived the Ice Queen's rapier except the Rose. A sly smirk crossed her face as she watched Weiss excuse herself from her guests and wandered to an empty section of the Garden, secluded and free from prying eyes and listening ears. This would have to be quick; a Schnee's absence rarely went unnoticed at these Galas. Checking her collapsed Scythe in her cloak, a habit to never go in unprepared, she leapt off the roof and headed toward her target from above.

Weiss knew the moment Ruby moved, the near unnoticeable sound of feet on the tiles of the roof. Weiss smirked; the Rose was good, her irritation at letting the red assassin escape her blade consoled by the fact that she'd also escaped her prowler's scythe. Her father wasn't happy when she'd returned, bloody and injured, a failure, ordering their servants to provide no aid to her wounds. Getting their next encounter over with swiftly was the best course, saving the few guests that remained the fear of seeing that Red cloak. Slipping her formal dress off and retrieving her rapier from the bench within, she watched as her pursuer ambled down from above, a level of skill and grace no proper lady could hope to achieve, losing sight of her for only a brief moment before the hairs on her neck prickled to warn her of a presence behind her.

"Weiss" Ruby greeted her from behind, the smell of roses rushing in with the gust that always followed Ruby when she expanded her scythe to its full length.

"You certainly know how to make an entrance, you sure you don't want to use those theatrics for the party?" Weiss said, turning around to look at the hooded figure, drawing her rapier out in a defensive pose. They stood silently for a beat, the sounds of the party fading

out in the tension of the air between them.

\*\_Snort\*\_

A wide grin crossed Ruby's face from under the hood, and her shoulders began shaking as she covered her mouth. Quiet laughter burst from her mouth and she lifted her hood, her silver eyes warm and wrinkled in the corners with her chuckles.

"Sorry," another chuckle, Ruby covered her mouth again, trying to stifle her laughs.

"How a bumbling, giggling and childish girl like you gained the reputation as one of the world's most feared and deadly assassins, I'll never understand." Weiss sighed as she dropped her pose and stood resting on her rapier, the tip pointed downward into the wood.

"And I'll never understand how you're one of the most sought after women for rich bachelors, Ice Queen." Ruby smiled again, collapsing her scythe and tucking it back under her cloak.

"I'm a Schnee, and a rare beauty I hear." Weiss placed her hand on her hip and cocked her brow up, raising her chin with enough confidence; the gesture could be considered arrogance.

"Maybe, but aren't they afraid you'll freeze thei-"

"Don't be a Dolt!" Weiss said loudly, her proper mask slipping as Ruby antagonized her. Ruby balked at the sudden volume of Weiss's voice, thankful it was Weiss's sharp words and not her sword being thrust at her.

"For a woman raised in a secret society, you sure don't seem to understand the basic concept of a secret meeting," Ruby lowered her voice to a whisper, "you're going to have to lower your voice, unless you want to get caught."

"Don't you have a mission to complete? Maybe a message for me, or some documents you need to collect? I doubt your mentor would appreciate you wasting time acting like a complete dunce." Weiss played at being annoyed, the twitch of her lips giving away her amusement through the irritation.

"And how does Grand Templar Master Daddy Schnee feel about his heiress meeting secretly in a Gazebo in the middle of the night? Sneaking away from a party full of potential suitors to meet a female assassin by moonlight after tearing off your dress," Ruby placed the back of her hand against her forehead feigning a scandalized expression, "people will talk Weiss, 'Forbidden love' they'll say." She dropped her hand and smirked at Weiss.

"I could always go back to killing you." Weiss tightened the grip on her hilt and smirked back, her eyes taking on a dangerous edge to them.

"You mean trying to kill me. We both know how that game plays out, Weiss." Ruby's voice dropped to match the intensity of Weiss's gaze, reaching underneath her cloak to the sheathed weapon it concealed. They stared at each other, waiting for the other to move or break,

Weiss having the upper hand of an emotional control Ruby desperately lacked when she wasn't prowling.

\*\_Snort\*\_ Weiss's grip slackened at the sound and her eyes softened, a faint smile playing on her face.

"And why would they say it's 'Forbidden Love'?" Weiss scoffed out, "I mean, the truth is far more believable and an equally juicy bit of gossip."

"Frail little Lady Schnee a Templar warrior? Fat chance! Its far more believable that you fell in love with the lovely and charming assassin who spared your life to save the world from losing such a delicate beauty, immediately enamored by the Lady Schnee's graceful charms." Ruby said wistfully, adding a dreamy tone to her voice at the end.

"Rightâ€¦I really need to talk to Blake about letting you read her private collection, that scandalous romance is rotting your brain. How such a clever girl can read such smut and still be so, well, clever is a mystery to me." Weiss sat on the bench nearby and rested her rapier well within reach.

"Are you kidding me? Yang would never let her innocent baby sister read such racy stuff. I merely borrowed it without them knowing, ship rides can get long and boring when you're by yourself." Ruby chuckled and sat next to Weiss, pulling a rolled paper from the pouch on her belt and handing it to Weiss.

"Are you even old enough to understand what's in those books? I doubt the Order's delicate Rose has had much time for romance between all the training and missions." Weiss unrolled the paper and read the message.

\_Ice Queen,\_

Taking a breath to squash the irritation at the moniker Ruby had forced upon her becoming her code name, she read on.

\_Intelligence checked out. Shipment has been confirmed. Ledger successfully decoded thanks to passkey you provided. We are accelerating our mission timeline. The Rose, Black Cat and Golden Dragon will cover your extraction. Await extraction confirmation; take no further action until you receive confirmation from Mentor. The Blizzard sends her regards.\_

\_Master Qrow\_

"So what's the scoop? Did things work out?" Ruby asked idly, eating one of the decadent cookies from the party's buffet, causing Weiss to wonder when she was able to escape her watchful eye long enough to obtain it.

\_The Blizzard sends her regards.\_ A message from her sister Winter was a pleasant addition to the short letter.

"They're speeding things up, and having me lay low until then, but I'm sure you knew that, didn't you, Rose." Weiss said in an icy tone, of course Ruby already knew, she was, after all, the main piece in Weiss's extraction.

"Come on Weiss, I don't know that much more than you, I just got the new mission timeline right before I came to meet you." Ruby said between bites.

"Do you still need the documents? Sounds like the ledger had all you needed." Weiss reached for the small parcel taped to the underside of the bench.

"Might as well, I'd hate to waste your hard work. Did they tell you about your initiate mission yet?" Ruby brushed the crumbs from her hands and clothes and smiled, accepting the parcel and placing it somewhere beneath her cloak.

"No, but I'm sure it will be something far away from here, I'll need to be scarce until the heat of my disappearance dies down." Weiss tried to hide the sadness in her voice. Though she would be happy to leave the gilded cage, she would still miss her home. A reassuring hand squeezed her shoulder, and she looked up to see Ruby smiling warmly at her.

"Hey, I know it's going to be hard, but you get used to it, after a while, you're so busy on your missions, you don't even miss home. And you'll have me, Yang and Blake there to help you adjust." Weiss smiled at Ruby, thankful they'd sent her and not Yang to deliver the message. Capable and terrifying as she was, the Golden Dragon had a mischievous streak and would certainly tease Weiss for worrying about being homesick.

"Thanks Ruby," the lights from the Gala shut off, signaling the departure of their last guest. Her father would have long since retired to his wing of the house, leaving only servants in the dark courtyard to clean in the dark. "You should go; I need to go back to my room before I rouse any suspicions." Slipping her dress over her Templar uniform, Weiss headed back toward the castle she called home.

"Keep your head up, Weiss, you'll be free soon enough." Another gust of wind and she was gone as quickly as she'd appeared. Weiss smiled at the empty space Ruby once occupied, a few red rose petals and a single white rose the only hint that she'd ever stood there.

Weiss snuck back into her bedroom with practiced ease. Countless nights of sneaking off to meet with your mortal enemy will do that to you. Easing the door shut with a satisfying click she turned around and removed her dress once again. The outfit, though beautiful and luxurious, was stifling at times, preferring the clothing she used to train and complete missions in. She stepped out onto the balcony while attaching her rapier to her hip, the familiar feeling of being watched prickling the hairs on her neck once more, and she smelled roses.

"What's the matter, Ruby? Did you forget something?" She mused, not bothering to look up to the hooded figure she was sure to find on the overhang above.

"So that's the name of the person you are so willing to betray your own blood for." The harsh voice of her father brought her attention to the dark corner of the balcony. The smell of roses coming from the single rose that fell from her hand.

"Father! What are you do-"in a flash, he drew his sword, a sabre that shone brilliantly in the moonlight, the sharp blade gleaming as it brought a familiar burning pain to Weiss's left cheek.

"No Weiss, what are you doing? Have I not given you anything and everything you could ever dream of? Was the scar not enough warning for you? Do you need another to remind you of your place?" his voice was low and calm, but it promised his true intent.

"Father, please, it doesn't have to be like this, they want the same thing we do. We don't have to fight; we can be all-"she pleaded

"Allies with those animals? Our noble house, partnering with those Godless heathens, is that what you're suggesting? Perhaps my mercy was misplaced. Prepare yourself, my sweet daughter, this time, when you feel the sting of my blade, it will be the last thing you ever feel." He dropped to an offensive stance, readying the thrust Weiss knew would follow. With unbelievable speed, he headed toward her, sabre directed to her torso, and a murderous look in his eyes. Weiss had no time to react, reaching for her own weapon too slowly; there was no way she would be able to parry his attack, and her position on the balcony preventing any escape. In what she felt would be her last moment, she smelled roses again, funny that her final moments be filled with thoughts of the first friend she'd ever made. Closing her eyes to accept her fate, she almost missed the soft thud of someone landing in front of her, the ringing of steel against metal, then the crash of it against stone still not bringing her eyes open. Only when she heard a welcome voice, though absent of the kindness she craved, did she open them.

"Leave her alone." Ruby's voice said calmly as Weiss focused on the scene in front of her. Kneeling in front of her, hood drawn up, was Ruby, and her father regaining his balance after having his attack deflected so easily. Before she could say anything or react, Weiss was grabbed by the waist and pulled over the balcony, the smell of roses filling her nose as she fell to the water below.

## 2. Steal by the Cover of Night

**\*\*A/N:** So, as asked, I wrote more. When I write, I just let it come out and let my characters do as they please. I may need ideas for missions or whatever, shoot me your ideas and I'll try to include them if they match the tone im going for. **\*\***

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Ruby slipped from the gazebo silently as she bid her farewell, and climbed to a nearby roof. She watched from the shadows as Weiss picked up the rose she left and smiled at the huff it caused on the silver haired lady. Their mission technically completed early, so as long as she returned to the hideout by the time she was expect, there would be no harm in playing with the Ice Queen a bit. "We can call it a team building exercise." she mused to herself. Following along the rooftops, she found her way towards the ostentatious bedroom, the white curtains decorated with the silver and blue snowflakes of the Schnee insignia fluttering in the wind. \_That's a good way to get

yourself taken out, princess. Perching near a skylight, she watched as Weiss walked into her bedroom, removing the stuffy dress and attaching her rapier to her hip, white rose still clutched in her grip. She stalked her prey to the edge of the roof, planning the best moment to pounce on the heiress for the biggest scare. Seeing her opportunity as Weiss peered out of her balcony over the rocky shore below, she readied into a crouch.

"What's the matter, Ruby? Did you forget something?" Weiss's voice was playful, shocking Ruby with her perceptive skills of observation. Smirking, she opened her mouth to reply, only to be interrupted by a familiar, icy voice.

"So that's the name of the person you are so willing to betray your own blood for." though Lord Schnee was never seen outside of the elite circles of Remnant, Ruby still cursed herself for not noticing the hunter in the corner of Weiss's balcony. Watching the exchange below, the flash of silver brought her out of her mental berating in time to see Weiss plead with her father, Lord Schnee not having any of his daughter's call to reason.

"Prepare yourself, my sweet daughter, this time, when you feel the sting of my blade, it will be the last thing you ever feel." the cold glint in his eyes betraying his murderous intent, Lord Schnee charged Weiss. Ruby leapt from the roof, a flurry of red petals in her wake as she parried his blade, landing in a protective kneel in front of Weiss.

"Leave her alone." Ruby watched as Lord Schnee stumbled against the marble of the balcony, attempting to regain his balance. Looking quickly to her right, she exploded into motion, grabbing Weiss by the waist and leapt from the balcony to the cold water waiting below. Covering Weiss's head to help with the dizziness of her sudden movement, she mapped out her course to the small fishing boat sitting at the shore, she would have to backtrack a bit to get back to her hideout, but the small vessel would do in this situation. Hitting the water at full force, she fought to keep a firm grip on Weiss; getting separated in the rough waves of the cold sea was a death sentence for anyone, even the most skilled assassins. Pulling her to the shore, they ran to the boat and shoved off, Weiss only taking a moment to look back to the high cliff above, seeing the glint of her father's sword in the moonlight.

"Looks like your extraction has been moved to today, Princess." Ruby choked out, rowing the boat with all her might.

"You're a You Dolt! Warn me before you decide to send me careening to my death on the rocks below a cliff! And don't call me princess." Her anger was misplaced, she knew it, but the situation called for ire, and there were no other targets but Ruby.

"Yeah, I'll remember that next time I see a master fencer pointing his blade at your throat," raising her voice an octave and adding a formal tone she teased, "'Thank you, Ruby, for saving my life and freeing me from the clutches of the Templar order.'" she huffed and continued rowed harder, finding the small opening on the side of the rocky shore that acted as a waste water outlet, "Now are you going to sit there, or are you going to help me row us to safety? We'll freeze to death before any of your father's men reach us if we don't hurry up and get out of these wet clothes, or do you no longer feel the

cold, Ice Queen?"

Grabbing the other set of oars, she bit her tongue, deciding to save her anger for a time when she could be dry and safe. They made good time, thanks in large part to the adrenaline of the entire situation. When they'd made it deep into the small drainage stream, they decided to ditch the boat and carry on the rest of the way on foot, Ruby only giving directions through the maze of the sewer. Coming to a plain wall, Ruby pressed bricks in to form the assassin emblem, the whole wall sliding up to reveal a lit pathway, then closing after she pulled one of the lanterns near the opening. A soft glow pouring from around one of the corners finally giving warmth and light as they made their way into the large, underground section of the hideout Ruby called home, the sounds of the Tavern and brothel above occasionally seeping through the brick walls. Though she'd ventured into the tavern to meet with Blake or Yang, Weiss was still impressed by the sheer scale of the hideout, reminding her of an underground castle.

"Master Qrow will be out for a while longer, I'm sure Yang is running the Tavern and Blake always works the nightshift. That gives you some time to get clean and dry at least." Ruby's voice brought her attention back to the situation and off the ornate tapestries that lined the wall. Though they lived modestly by all appearances, the under chambers of their order told an entirely different story, with fine art works lining the wall and expanses bookshelves adorning a corner of the large room. The fine masonry of the floor even a work of art in itself.

"Good, that means I can tell Qrow about how you nearly killed me in a blind jump off the balcony of a castle." Weiss furrowed her brows and tried her best at a scowl, her smirk giving her away immediately.

"It's called a 'Leap of Faith', Princess," Ruby returned the smirk, "and it saved your life. Daddy Schnee was in no merciful mood."

"Be that as it may," she stomped up to Ruby came in close to meet Ruby in the eye.

"Weiss, what are yo- OW!" Weiss flicked Ruby in the forehead, leaving a small red mark as evidence of her assault.

"I haven't had my aura unlocked with a piece of Eden like you, Ruby. I could have easily died from the impact alone. Be more careful and think next time." she crossed her arms over her chest with a huff.

"Don't worry, Weiss, I was protecting you with mine to make sure you wouldn't die. Or freeze. A knight always has to protect the princess in the grand rescue." Ruby waved her hooded cape in a dramatic fashion for emphasis.

"Life isn't a fairy tale, Ruby, she's right, you should be more careful next time." Blake's smooth voice interrupted their bickering. Weiss knew, where the cat prowled, the Dragon soon followed.

"You can't always rely on your aura, Ruby, be more careful with yourself. Hey \_Weiss \_Queen." Yang walked up casually behind Blake, a grin showing just how pleased she was with herself over the near



painful pun attempt.

"I know Yang, but I didn't really have time to think it through. I'm not really jumping at the chance to find my death at the end of Schnee's blade. The Princess needed saving from the tower and I had to act."

"Stop calling me Princess!"

"You're awfully loud this late in the evening, kids." Qrow stumbled into the room, the smell of liquor flowing from his body in waves. "Speaking of, aren't you a little early to this party Schnee? Didn't I instruct both of you to sit still and wait for further instructions? I'm getting a little tired of you acting on your own, kiddo." he looked at Ruby who cowered under his glare.

"It can't be helped, I was compromised. If the Rose wasn't there, who knows what would have happened. I doubt father would have let me leave the castle alive, even if he hadn't killed me on the balcony." Weiss knelt in respect to the master assassin, though she couldn't stand the cavalier drunkard, she respected his position.

"Is that so? Then good work team. If you need me, I'll be evaluating the length of the new waitress's skirt." He stumbled up the stairs toward the tavern, Yang jogging after him.

"I better make sure he doesn't scare off my newest employee." she said over her shoulder.

"And I need to make sure none of the girls are being harrassed by our clients." Blake turned around, grabbing a book from the shelf near the door.

"And then there were two. Come on Weiss, I'll show you where the bathroom is and get you some dry clothes. We won't have an outfit or armor ready for you, but I'm sure Blake has something that would suit your refined tastes." She removed her cloak and hung it near the fireplace to dry.

"If you're implying I will dress like a lady of the night in this fox den, you're mistaken Rose." Weiss snapped, a blush tinging her cheeks.

"Relax, Lady Schnee, they do have to wear clothes to sleep in. If you're ok with a basic nightgown until your clothes are dry, I promise your modesty will not be compromised. Jeez, you can be so dramatic sometimes." She laughed at a very flustered Weiss and headed up into the dormitory style rooms of the brothel.

"You're insufferable, Rose." Weiss pinched the bridge of her nose and followed Ruby into a room with four beds. Looking over the room, she saw that one bed was unoccupied.

"This is Yang, Blake and my room, but leave it to Blake to bring her work home with her. She keeps clean clothes for all the girls in here. I'm sure there's somethi- AHA! Perfect!" Ruby pulled a light blue nightgown from the wardrobe and held it up for Weiss's approval.

"This is," Weiss took the material between her fingers and felt its

sheer weight, "acceptable. Thank you, Ruby. Now if you'll show me to the washrooms and to my bed, I'll be off."

"About that, as you've noticed there are four beds in this room. There are three occupants right now, leaving one bed empty. If you can bring yourself to come down to the level of us commoners, we already talked about it and Blake, Yang and I would love to have you as our fourth roommate." She smiled brightly, an expectant expression on her face.

"Are you sure Blake said that? I was certain she hated me given my familial ties." She looked down, though she'd never actively participated in the murder of Blake's race, she'd also done nothing and stood by as the genocide occurred.

"Pssh, nah," Ruby chuckled and waved a hand in front of her face dismissively. "The tub is through that door, you can go first."

Nodding at Ruby, she headed into the small bathroom and washed up, taking time in the bath to reflect on the night. Staring at the mirror, she ran a hand over her scar, tracing the angry flesh and shivering at its memory. \_Pull it together, Schnee, you're not under him anymore. Time to make things right.\_ Dressing quickly, she headed out into the room, steam billowing from opened door. Ruby was in her bed, wiping down her large scythe with a loving look on her face.

"Bathroom's free. Thanks for letting me go first." she headed to the bed below Ruby's and set her rapier near the head. Hanging her clothing near the fireplace in the room, she warmed her skin in its heat. "Sorry for yelling at you earlier, I am grateful for what you did."

"Anytime, princess. I'm going to wash up and go to bed, if I know uncle Qrow, he'll be waking us up bright and early for training." she headed toward the bathroom, pausing at the door to look over her shoulder. "It suits you, by the way."

Weiss looked up from the fireplace, "Hmmm?" she asked.

"The nightgown, I mean, it suits you, it matches your eyes." she smiled warmly before heading in and shutting the door.

Weiss snorted and turned back to the fire. "Ruby, you dolt." she smiled at the fire, the warmth on her cheeks not just from the flames.

**\*\*Bonus A/N: Looks like the Ruby/Weiss dynamic is too fun to resistâ€¦\*\***

End  
file.